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THE PACIFIC

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THE THINGS I ASK.

I ask not wealth, but power to take
And use the things I have aright,
Not years, but wisdom that shall make
My life a profit and delight.

I ask not that for me the plan
Of good and ill be set aside;
But that the common lot of man
Be nobly borne and glorified.

I know I may not always keep
My steps in places green and sweet,
Nor find the pathway of the deep
A path of safety for my feet;

But pray, that when the tempest's breath
Shall fiercely sweep my way about,
I make not shipwreck of my faith
In the unbottomed sea of doubt;

And that, though it be mine to know
How hard the stoniest pillow seems,
Good angels still may come and go,
About the places of my dreams.

—Phoebe Cary.

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THE PRESENT CRISIS.

In an address before the Trans-Mississippi Congress at Kansas City, last week, Secretary of State Root said: "But few people realize how serious is the present agitation against the Japanese on the Pacific coast. If it goes on trade on the coast will be most seriously injured."

It is going on, and vigorously too. In a few days the Japanese and Corean Exclusion League will hold a meeting—and it will be on Sunday—for the ratification of plans for a vigorous campaign to be made during the session of congress which is soon to convene. They will ask that the exclusion law now applying to the Chinese be extended to Japanese and Coreans, and Congressman Hayes has stated to the League that he will press their demands in Congress at once.

It is the policy of short-sighted and misguided people, and is sure to bring a long train of disasters. How long this train of disasters to this nation will be, depends upon the length to which this agitation shall proceed and on the measure of success which comes to it.

The statement by Secretary Root ought to be sufficient to stir into action every thoughtful man on the coast who has the commercial interests at heart.

But there are other and higher interests to be considered, and it behooves the churches to give this question of Japanese exclusion most thoughtful and prayerful attention.

In 1845 James Russell Lowell wrote—

"In the gain or loss of one race, all the rest have equal claim";

And in that connection—

"Once to every man and nation comes the moment to decide,
In the strife of Truth with Falsehood, for the good or evil side;
Some great cause, God's new Messiah, offering each the bloom or blight,
Parts the goats upon the left hand, and the sheep upon the right;
And the choice goes by forever 'twixt that darkness and that light."

These words by Lowell were written at a time when the great anti-slavery conflict was on in New England—at a time when from the quiet of his secluded and studious home Whittier was also sending forth in the interests of the same great cause those burning lyrics which never failed to warn and rally.

Each believed, as Whittier wrote, that—

"Every wrong,
However old, however strong,
But waited God's avenging hour."

In the poem which we have quoted Lowell said:

"Hast thou chosen, O my people, on whose party thou shalt stand,
Ere the Doom from its worn sandals shakes the dust against our land?
Though the cause of evil prospers, yet 'tis Truth alone is strong,
And, albeit she wander outcast now, I see around her throng
Troops of beautiful, tall angels, to enshield her from all wrong."

"Backward look across the ages and the beacon-moments see,
That, like peaks of some sunk continent, jut through oblivion's sea;
Not, an ear in court or market for the low foreboding cry
Of those crises, God's stern winnowers, from whose feet earth's chaff must fly;
Never shows the choice momentous till the judgment hath pased by."

We are profoundly of the belief that the American people have just before them today a momentous choice, the greatness of which is not realized by many. In his book, "The Evolution of The Japanese," which was published in 1903, the Rev. Dr. Sidney L. Gulick said: "The age of isolation and divergent evolution is passing away, and that of international association and convergent social evolution has begun. Universal economic, political, intellectual, moral, and religious intercourse is the characteristic of the new aeon on which we are entering."

In his great study of Adolescence, in his monumental work on the Psychology of Adolescence, and its relations to physiology, anthropology, sociology, religion, education, etc., Dr. G. Stanley Hall of Clark University says when writing of the adolescent races and their treatment, "Everything must henceforth have world-wide dimensions and be seen in cosmic relations."

In 1905 in his great work, "The Letters to the Seven Churches of Asia," that noted scholar Dr. W. M. Ramsey, Professor of Humanity in the University of Aberdeen, said: "It is now becoming plain to all that the relations of Asia to Europe are in process of being profoundly changed, and very soon this will be a matter of general discussion. The long unquestioned domination of European over Asiatic is now being put to the test and is probably coming to an end. What is to be the issue? That depends entirely on the influence of Christianity, on the degree to which it has affected the aims both of Christian and non-Christian nations."

The Rev. Dr. Charles Cuthbert Hall, president of Union Theological Seminary, who was for the second time chosen to give the Haskell Lectures in India; and, who having been thus in the East, hears evermore "the East a' calling," said in his lecture, "The Larger Church of Christ," given on the Cole foundation in Vanderbilt University last year: "Three things

the Christianity of the West needs if it would be ready in the day of the Lord to meet and greet the next great interpretation of the churchly ideal. It needs the chastening of the Anglo-Saxon spirit; it needs to realize the democracy of nations; it needs to learn respect for Oriental national aims and religious aspirations. The Anglo-Saxon spirit is rich in qualities that make for efficiency; it is capable of splendid exhibitions of physical and moral courage; it is also capable of presumption and provincialism. It is a haughty race-spirit, aggressive, given to threatening, inclined to war, satisfied with itself, prone to intolerance."

This "democracy of nations" Dr. Hall declares is a truth that the West is slow of heart to believe. But that it must have full recognition he never questions, and when there shall have come a readjustment of world relationships upon a basis of equity, he looks for a great advance of Christianity among Asiatics.

Long ago the Man of Nazareth said: "Many shall come from the East and from the West and shall sit down with Abraham and Isaac and Jacob in the kingdom of heaven." And his last words—ever our marching orders—were "Go ye and disciple all nations." Christ believed in the democracy of nations; and it was to bring this about upon the earth and throughout the universe, through the transformation of individual hearts and lives, that he took upon him the form of a servant and was made in the likeness of men and became obedient even to the death on the cross.

The Church of Christ in America needs to ask itself today whether it is willing to walk in his footsteps —to drink the cup which he drank and be baptized with the baptism with which he was baptized. As to all the adolescent races it needs to seek prayerfully to ascertain what kind of treatment God desires them to receive at our hands as a church and as a nation—and then heroically to give that treatment. Suppose it does involve sacrifice? Is not sacrifice beautiful? Did it not exalt Jesus of Nazareth and give him the name which is above every name? Did not service and sacrifice enthrone Washington and Lincoln forever in the hearts of our people? And nothing grander was ever said or done by Theodore Roosevelt than on that day several years ago when he sought for Jacob Riis who was working in the slums of New York; and, not finding him, left on his desk the words, "I have come to help."

Are we of the Pacific coast here to help? If so, to what extent? Christ did not come down to earth, to lay hold of fallen sinful men, without loss to himself. And no man ever helped another without some loss to self, no matter what his gain. What are we willing to make the measure of our loss, for the good of man and the glory of God?

It is together that the races and nations of the world will rise or fall. In this day and age of the world we can with no more safety disregard the interests of our neighbors across the sea than we can disregard the interests of those in other wards than our own in the cities in which we live.

Some of the best blood and brain in our land today are found among those who came to our shores as immigrants only a few decades ago; and many of the most thoughtful minds amongst us are of opinion that it ill becomes us as a nation to shut the door in the faces of others just as good who desire to come—especially, to single out from among those long allowed to come without restriction such a people as the Japanese, incur their displeasure by exclusion and put ourselves in such relations with the Orientals in general as will make impossible to any great extent our influence with them in shaping their future. Is it wise? Is it really Christian, although we may suffer some loss by having them here?

When men failed in sufficient numbers to hearken to the warnings raised against this nation's attitude as to African slavery, and the hour had struck, our fair land for four long years was drenched in blood.

People talk now of the probability of war with Japan. It may come. But it is not that we fear. Mary Lyon once said that there was only one thing she feared—that she might not know, and therefore, might not do her duty. This is what we fear for the church and for the nation today—that they may not know and do their duty in the great cosmic relations into which we have come in recent years.

There are those among us who talk about the heritage that they will not be able to leave to their children here in California if we exclude not the Japanese; but let it not be forgotten—

> "They enslave their children's children
> who make compromise with sin."

We believe accordingly that it is a time when Christian people should prayerfully seek to ascertain what attitude God would have them take in regard to the Japanese.

Wrote Lowell in the crisis of the middle years of the last century—

"Careless seems the great Avenger; history's pages but record
One death-grapple in the darkness 'twixt old systems and the Word;
Truth forever on the scaffold, Wrong forever on the throne—
Yet that scaffold sways the future, and behind the dim unknown
Standeth God within the shadow, keeping watch above his own."

What reason have the American people for thinking that they are God's own? Perhaps the Japanese are God's own, or may be in the not far-distant future. Christianity was in its origin Oriental, and the East may make to the religion of the future rich contribution.

The warning which John Ruskin gave many years ago to England is applicable to the United States of America: "Since the first dominion of men was asserted over the ocean three empires of mark beyond all others have been set upon its sands—the thrones of Tyre, of Venice, of England. Of the first of these great powers only the memory remains; of the second the ruin; the third which inherits their greatness, if it forget their example, may be led through prouder eminence to less pitiful destruction."

It was the luxury and profligacy of the old Roman civilization that made it go down before the wild hordes that swept against it from the North. We have here in America now a civilization weakened to considerable extent by luxury and profligacy. What shall the outcome be?

Professor Marsh of Yale University is reported as having said that on the basis of brain size the Japanese is the race best fitted to survive in the struggle for existence, or at least in the struggle for preeminence. It is impossible today to tell to what they may attain within fifty or an hundred years. Great moral

and religious transformations may be wrought out among them in the next few decades—such as will astonish the world as much as the transformations and achievements of the last quarter of a century along other lines have astonished it. This evidently is assured: On the soil of Asia there are to be some of God's most elect peoples in the world's not far-distant future. And if ever there was a time when the American people needed to heed the words of Richard Realf in his poem, "A Holy Nation," it is now. A few lines from that poem were quoted only a few weeks ago in The Pacific, but we repeat them in this connection:

"Let us cleanse
The hearts that beat within us; let us mow
Clear to the roots our falseness and pretense,
Tread down our rank ambitions, overthrow
Our braggart moods of puffed self-consequence,
Plow up our hideous thistles which do grow
Faster than maize in May time, and strike dead
The base infections our low greeds have bred."

THE PACIFIC COAST IN BRIEF.

The University of Nevada has had promise of $250,000 toward an endowment. It is said that the gift comes from two Nevada millionaires, whose names will be announced later. The California Christian Advocate speaks of this as a "munificent endowment." We fail to see the munificence of it.

The American Missionary Association at its recent meeting at Oberlin, Ohio, put itself on record in one of its resolutions as follows: "That the rapid influx of Japanese and Koreans into Hawaii and our Pacific states creates a condition which calls for enlarged missionary work and for the concerted effort of our various missionary organizations to bring to them the blessings of our Christian faith.

There is a probability that a great exposition may be held in 1909 without saloons hard by every entrance. The Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition which is to be held in Seattle that year has as its site ground belonging to the University of Washington, not far from the University. The state law forbids a saloon within two miles of the University. Seattle has an opportunity now to give to the whole world a grand lesson in the interests of temperance. It is to be hoped that in no way will this law be contravened.

The beautifully-written article by the Rev. Dr. Buckham of Pacific Theological Seminary, on "The Pilgrim Fathers of California," is the first of a series of seven, written by different persons, in the interest of Home Missionary work. After their appearance in The Pacific they will be printed in leaflet form, under the direction of Superintendent Harrison, for wider circulation. The other articles will be as follows: "California Pioneers," by Rev. H. E. Jewett; "California as a Missionary Field," by Rev. L. D. Rathbone; "Our Foreigners," by the Rev. B. F. Sargent; "The Chinese and Japanese," by Mrs. L. E. Agard; "Our Indians," by Mrs. T. C. Edwards; "Marcus Whitman," by Mrs. O. W. Lucas.

A missionary colporter of the American Tract Society writes as follows from Mayville, Oregon: "I have worked in the country and feel that I have done much good. One man could not cover my territory in a year, even if he traveled continuously. I took my bed with me and at times slept on the ground. I found families who never attend church or Sunday-school. There is a great work to do here; I shall continue to travel and circulate the literature and preach the gospel. There are no preachers in the field where I have been; it is frontier; they need the gospel. The school-houses are shabby, some of them at least. I will gladly do my best to carry on the Lord's work; I am willing to sacrifice all that I can for the salvation of souls. During my work two ladies have confessed Christ and started to live a new life."

Chaplain Rowell of the Mariner's Church, San Francisco, is praying and asks other to pray for the opening up the way for the building of such a mission for seamen and such a sailor's home as is demanded in the gerat city by the Golden Gate. Unfortunately just now, the Mariner's Church is undenominational; none of the funds being raised for the rehabilitation of the San Francisco churches are for it, and Mr. Rowell says that he sees no light ahead. He states that $40,000 is needed for a church, and that there is urgent need for a Christian Sailor's Home which would require for its proper equipment $300,000. It is an excellent work which Chaplain Rowell has carried on for many decades on the water front in San Francisco. It ought to be continued.

A meeting of The Interdenominational Missionary Federation will be held in the First Methodist Church of Oakland next Tuesday evening. Mr. E. D. Soper will be present and will speak on "The Young People's Missionary Movement"; and "Problems of the Young People." The Rev. Dr. George C. Adams will speak on "The Pastor's Problems", the Rev. Dr. Dille on "The Missionary Pastor," Mr. B. S. Hayes on "The Missionary Layman," the Rev. Ng Poon Chew on "My Faith in Missions," and Bishop Bell on "The Interdenominational Missionary Federation." The Rev. A. W. Rider will lead an open parliament on the missionary problems of the Sunday-school, the woman's society and the local church. A business session of the general committee is announced for four o'clock that day. The consideration of the topics herein given will begin at five; at 6:15 dinner will be served, and some of the topics will be presented in "around-the-table-talks." At this meeting next Tuesday the final arrangements will be made for a missionary institute to be held from January 10th to the 15th under the direction of Mr. E. D. Soper.

The Ohio Anti-Saloon League held its annual convention last week in Columbus, and among the speakers was Dr. E. S. Chapman of Los Angeles. The Religious Telescope, in its report of the convention, says: "The Board of Trade auditorium was packed to the last corner of the second gallery to hear Dr. E. S. Chapman—our own Doctor Chapman—the 'old man eloquent' of California, in his great lecture, 'A Stainless Flag.' His contention that the very essence of the law and constitution under which we live, is against the saloon, was argued with the clearness of a lawyer, the earnestness of a reformer, and the faith of a saint, and he was applauded with hands and voice." The Telescope says: "Our own Dr. Chapman," because Dr. Chapman began his ministry in the United Brethren Church in Ohio, of which church the Telescope is the representative. For eight years he was pastor of the leading United Brethren Church in Dayton. Later he took charge of a Presbyterian Church at Laramie, Wyoming, going thence to Sacramento, and from that city to Oakland, where he was pastor of the Brooklyn

Presbyterian Church and later of the Market Street Congregational Church. As superintendent of the Anti-Saloon League work in California, first for the entire state and later for Southern California, Dr. Chapman is widely known. He is a popular platform speaker and has in this line as well as in the ministry done a work that will abide.

The Methodist Episcopal Church has inaugurated what it calls "A Forward Movement for Oakland, Berkeley, and Alameda." Among the places where church buildings will be erected is a site in Berkeley on the corner of College avenue and Russell streets valued at $5,000 which they own with no indebtedness except $785. It is a fine location for a church, for it will ere long be in the center of one of the finest residence sections of Berkeley. The church organized at that point not long ago was the outgrowth of a little mission Sunday-school which was established a few years ago. The presiding elder says: "There is no other church in this section of the city, and if we can have the help we need no other church will enter unless it be the Protestant Episcopal. This is Methodism's opportunity for Berkeley, and we must not fail in our duty." In an article in the California Christian Advocate he says: "College Avenue Methodist Episcopal Church is a mile from the nearest Protestant church and is more than a mile from the nearest Methodist church." There is an old saying: "A word to the wise is sufficient." But, who are the wise? When is considered the fact that there are not less than an hundred thousand more people in oakland, Alameda, and Berkeley,—and the smaller places adjacent thereto, than there were before the 18th of April, it would seem that some more forward movements are in demand. But, it should not be forgotten that in this day and age of the world it is folly to inaugurate new church enterprises unless they are backed up with considerable money. Children do not go to housekeeping nowadays as our fathers and mothers did—nor should churches. Whatever is done should be done well from the very beginning. If done otherwise success will be very uncertain.

Mr. William Shaw, the treasurer of the United Society of Christian Endeavor, writes in a charming manner, in The Christian Endeavor World, concerning his recent visit to the Pacific coast. As to California he says: "And how splendid a company of workers California has, with such men as Alexander, Baker, Kellogg, and Merrill, of the old guard, and Cuningham, Hatch, Jenkins, Shaw, Smith, Small, Schweitzer, Godbeg, the choice woung women, and the sweet and gracious wives of the men named above, who love Christian Endeavor, and work as earnestly for it as their husbands. California has called able young laymen to lead her host of Endeavorers, instead of putting the load on already overburdened pastors. Nowhere have I found the pastors more sympathetic and ready to cooperate, but they let the young men bear the responsibility. I believe that as a result California can show a larger number of able leaders, in proportion to membership than any other state." Mentioning the inauguration of Dr. John Willis Baer as president of Occidental College, he continues: "It was a joy to see how the old affection of the Endeavorers for Mr. Baer and his for them have only deepened with the years. President Baer will wield a mighty influence for righteousness on the Pacific coast, and all of us will unite in earnest prayer for an abundant blessing upon him as he moulds the young people who shall become so largely the future leaders in the mighty empire developing on the Pacific coast," Of Seattle he writes: "Seattle is not like Rome sitting upon her seven hills. Rather she has them on the move, and is levelling them down to make room for her expanding business. Land that was worth thirty thousand dollars ten years ago is worth three hundred thousand now. Everything is in that proportion. They need the influence of a great religious convention to reveal to many that God is infinitely more to be desired than gold, and that character is a bigger asset than cash." And as to Portland, this: "It was a pleasure to be in the church of that earnest friend of Christian Endeavor, Dr. E. L. House, and see the evidences of his successful work. Last year his Endeavorers at their New Year's consecration service decided to support a foreign missionary. They went to work at once, and raised the money, and the American Board assigned them that prince of Endeavorers in China, Rev. George W. Hinman, former field secretary."

THE RELIGIOUS WORLD.

The Presbyterians have larger missionary interests in Korea than all other denominations combined.

A Methodist cathedral which will seat 2,000 persons is under construction in Manila.

The Rev. Dr. Cuyler is 85 years old and bids fair to go on blessing the world by his beneficent life many years more.

The introduction of the Bible into the public schools of China emphasizes the absence of it from the public schools of our own land.

Bishop Bashford is reported as having said that he had met Chinese in China who could recite the New Testament from beginning to end.

Coming from the paper from which it does come the article entitled "Of Tremendous Importance to Wall Street" is of considerable significance.

There are at the present time 1,418,013 Jews in the United States, of which number 600,000 are in the city of New York. Russia leads the countries of the world in the number of Jews, having 5,215,805 according to recent statistics. Austria-Hungary stands next with 2,076,378. Next in order is the United States.

Bishop Potter of the Protestant Episcopal Church said in a recent address that the clergyman who does not believe in the divinity of Christ has no place in the Episcopal Church; that if it is his office to emancipate the church from "so gross a superstition" he should attempt it from without and not from within.

The Presbyterian board of Missions has been calling some fine young men to its office and field work of late. John Willis Baer and Robert E. Speer are the most notable in the past. Now Mr. Von Ogden Vogt, the general secretary of the United Society of Christian Endeavor, has been captured for the work of the young people's department, having been called to be its secretary. The Board evidently "knows a good thing when it sees it."

The Rev. Dr. Frank H. Foster, pastor of the Congregational Church at Olivet, Michigan, formerly of the chair of systematic theology in Pacific Theologi-

cal Seminary, has written a history of New England theology, which will be published very soon by the Fleming H. Revell Company of New York. Dr. Foster is well-qualified for such a work, and the appearance of this book will be looked for with eager interest.

The unique work of a Paulist Father, an account of which we give this week in an editorial condensation of an article in The Boston Transcript, is but one of the many such efforts being made now in different parts of the country. In some instances priests are specially trained for it in a Catholic college, and then sent out on their mission. To this article we have appended what we call "A Suggestion From the Other Side." It is a good suggestion.

Not a great many years ago the students in Princeton University were required to attend prayer services twice a day, once before breakfast. When a change was made the requirement was once a day. Recently another change was made, and requirement for chapel services is twice a week now. Both at the week day and Sunday services the student has to sign a card showing attendance thereat, unless excused by the president. Herein is something for the consideration of all who are studying the evolution of world interests and institutions. Is it a good sign of the times? Or is it a bad sign?

Concerning the evangelistic meetings by Dr. Torrey in Nashville, Tennessee, the Cumberland Presbyterian of November 15th said: "Hundreds have been led to accept Christ, but we believe that they do not represent the greatest result of the work. Never before have the people of Nashville had such a lesson in the importance and power of the Word of God. Dr. Torrey's preaching has been of the plainest, simplest kind. We have heard him preach sermons which contained nothing not familiar to the twelve-year-old boy from a Christian home, yet that sermon reached and moved men, though preached without a trace of emotion, and with no outward evidence of what is spoken of as a 'passion for souls.' The truth seems to be that we ministers overlook the fact that what is trite and commonplace to us and to the children of many Christian homes is the very truth which multitudes need to have presented to them. Besides this emphasis on the simple Word, the Torrey meetings have emphasized the importance of personal work in a way which is sure to yield gratifying results in the future. This has not been one of those revivals which lift people to a high plane of excitement and temporary endeavor, only to be followed by greater indifference. We are confident that the greatest result of the meetings will appear in the days yet to come."

The Presbyterian Brotherhood convention in Indianapolis week before last was a great affair. The Western Christian Advocate remarks: "This movement makes an epoch in the Presbyterian Church that may well engage the attention of other denominations." This, of course, is not to say that there are not other denominations already having brotherhoods; but it may well start to earnest thought some that do not have them, and stir to greater interest all that do have them. Mr. Henry M. Darling, an attorney, of Indianapolis, and president of the local brotherhood said in an address of welcome: "This is the beginning of one of the most superb movements the Presbyterian world or the Christian Church has ever witnessed. The problems of civic righteousness, temperance, Sabbath observance and labor may find their solution here. This is not a club, not a literary circle, not a political or a social organization. It is a body of men marching under our Master Jesus Christ." The Hon. H. M. Hanna, a man of wide influence all over Indiana, said concerning the movement: "It means that the Master is moving the sons of God for a great purpose. It means the lining up of the Presbyterian division of the grand army of God. It means that men are prepared to share with a neighbor what we hold to be the jewel of great price. It means that while marching under the banner of our church, we will never lose sight of the cross that is carried at the forefront." "The Presbyterian division of the grand army of God!" We like that. The denominations are simply divisions; that is recognized today as never before. But let each division see to it that it does its part, cooperates with all the others and in no sense becomes divisive. At this brotherhood convention vice-president Fairbanks and the Hon. William Jennings Bryan and other men of note in the affairs of the states and the nation were in attendance and gave addresses. "Ralph Connor" was there from Winnipeg as a guest—and laymen and ministers to the number of more than a thousand from all parts of the United States. A great hall which seats 4,000 persons was filled most of the time and nearly filled all the time. All in all it was an occasion of great inspiration.

OF TREMENDOUS IMPORTANCE TO WALL STREET.

The Wall Street Journal Hopes That Faith Is Not Declining.

He who believes in a future life is a citizen of two worlds. He moves in this, but his higher thought and aspirations are fixed on the future. To such a person, what takes place here and now is not unimportant, but it is infinitely less important than what shall take place hereafter. He looks upon his life here as but a preparation for the life to come. His experiences here, whether of joy or sorrow, are of value to him only as they enable him the better to meet the everlasting demands of the life after death. He is not indifferent to the rewards which may come in this world to industry, endeavor and opportunity, but failure, illness, poverty, abuse, what do these amount to, to a man who believes he is to enjoy the sublime privileges of eternity? He measures everything by the infinite. Wealth, luxury, power, distinction—he may not despise these, but he looks upon them as being but temporary, mere delights that are given as tests of his character.

Faith in eternal life smooths out every inequality and injustice of the present life under the great weight of the infinite. It makes the poor feel rich, and gives to the unfortunate a sense of heirship to the Almighty. It makes the rich feel a sense of grave responsibility and trusteeship.

Now, it is not needful for this discussion to consider whether such a faith is reasonable or not. The Wall Street Journal has no concern in theological discussions. It takes no part for or against any creed, but it is intensely interested in the economic and political effects of any change in the thought, the habits and the lives of men. If there has been a marked de-

cline in religious faith, that fact must be of profound, far-reaching significance. It alters the basic conditions of civilization. It becomes a factor in the markets. It changes the standards and affects the values of things that are bought and sold. It concerns the immediate interests of those who never had such a faith almost as much as it does the lives of those who have had the faith and lost it.

The question, therefore, is of practical, immediate and tremendous importance to Wall Street quite as much as any other part of the world, has there been a decline in the faith in the future life, and if so, to what extent is this responsible for the special phenomena of our time, the eager pursuit of sudden wealth, the shameless luxury and display, the gross and corrupting extravagance, "the misuse of swollen fortunes," the indifference to law, the growth of graft, the abuses of great corporate power, the social unrest, the spread of demagogy, the advances of socialism, the appeals to bitter class hatred? To find out what connection exists between a decadence in religious faith and the social unrest of our time, due, on one side, to oppressive use of financial power, and on the other, to class agitation, might well be worth an investigation by a commission of Government experts, if it were possible for the Government to enter into such an undertaking.

Whatever may be a man's own personal beliefs, there is no one who would not prefer to do business with a person who really believes in a future life. If there are fewer men of such faith in the world, it makes a big difference, and if faith is to continue to decline, this will require new adjustments. There are certainly, on the surface, many signs of such a decline. Perhaps, if it were possible to probe deeply into the subject, it might to found that faith still abounded, but is no longer expressed in the old way. But we are obliged to accept the surface indications. These include a falling off in church attendance, the abandonment of family worship, the giving over of Sunday, more and more, to pleasure and labor, the separation of religious from secular education, under the stern demands of non-sectarianism, the growing up of a generation uninstructed as our fathers were in the study of the Bible, the secularization of a portion of the Church itself, and its inability in a large way to gain the confidence of the laboring people. If these are really signs of a decay of religious faith, then indeed there is no more important problem before us than that of either discovering some adequate substitute for faith, or to take immediate steps to check a development that has within it the seeds of a national disaster.

"ON THE TRAIL OF THE IMMIGRANT."

An Appreciation by the Rev. Dr. Adams of the New Book by Professor Steiner of Iowa College.

This book by Prof. Steiner marks a decided change in sentiment toward the multitudes who are coming to us across the Atlantic. The author is himself an immigrant, and knows how it feels to be a stranger in a strange land. He often travels in the steerage to keep in touch with those who have to, and to learn more of the motives that bring them here. The book is full of information; it deals with the people in their own land, tells us what part of the population they are, and why they are not satisfiel to stay at home; he also shows us that the most enterprising, and so the most valuable are the ones who come.

We feel safer when we know just how they are met on their arrival, and that they undergo a process of careful selection, so that many are sent back to their former home, and those who are admitted are likely to be of some use to this country. Mr. Robert Watchorn, the U. S. Commissioner of Immigration at Ellis Island, is brought before us, his work explained, and his faithfulness commended. The whole process of introduction to the new land becomes clear as we read, and we find that as a nation we are far more careful than we thought we were.

Then as to what becomes of the immigrant after he gets here, the author follows him carefully on his journey, tells what he does for this land, and how soon the American flag becomes to him the symbol of everything that is good, and he is ready to defend it. These immigrants do not form the slums of the great cities; our slums are a strictly American institution, and the worst elements in them are of native birth; some foreigners who are unfortunate drift into them, but the ghetto of New York is not the slum district.

Every one who loves his country ought to read this book, and ponder over it; we have much misinformation on this subject; let us get the truth upon it from one who knows, and though of foreign birth has become the most thorough of Americans.

George C. Adams.

A UNIQUE WORK BY THE PAULIST FATHERS.

And a Suggestion From The Other Side.

That the only tangible result remaining to us today of the historic adventure of Brook Farm should be the Roman Catholic propaganda of the Paulist Fathers, says the Boston Transcript, is surely one of the oddest turns of human affairs. "There, at Brook Farm, paying a devout pilgrimage to the old haunts of Father Hecker, the founder of his order, we found Rev. Bertrand L. Conway of the Paulist Fathers of New York, or, as they are officially known, "The Missionary Society of St. Paul the Apostle." It is this society which is conducting the present mission to non-Catholics at the Church of St. Leo in Esmond street, Dorchester, being the fifth mission of the kind held in Boston by members of the society."

Believes Protestantism to be Disintegrating.

Concerning his mission work to non-Catholics Father Conway is very hopeful. He regards present religious conditions as very favorable to it. The Transcript says: "The atmosphere of doubt and uncertainty that is so prevalent, he says, awakens a longing for the authoritative teachings of the Church, not only in theory, but as shown by the results of his missions. Indeed, the missioner is frank enough to give it as his opinion that 'Protestantism is disintegrating,' not, however, that such statements form any part of his lectures. These latter are confined to an explanatory statement of the leading doctrines of the Roman Church, with hints as to their special advantages, in his opinion, over the parallel Protestant teaching. In this way he takes up the Roman teaching about the Bible, the 'real presence' in the sacrament of the Lord's Supper, or the doctrine of transubstantiation, the confessional, the authority of the Church and so on. The effort is to remove what the preacher regards as prejudices and to create an in-

terest, in the confidence that it will be heard from later. Through all his lectures runs one thread, easily recognizable by anyone who is familiar with the life and teachings of Cardinal Newman. There is always kept in view the peace and rest to be found by abandoning the principle of private judgment and bringing the ethical and religious life under the authority of the Church. The work is thus aimed to reach intelligent and thoughtful people—those in whom doubt has gone so far that the pendulum is ready to swing the other way. Of all such souls the Roman Church, not without justification in experience, regards itself as residual legatee, and it is to reap this rich and inviting harvest that the Paulist Fathers are busy in Boston and in all of the large cities of the country; in Boston far less than elsewhere, for in New York they have held nearly five hundred missions, and success has not been wanting even in the stout Protestant districts of Nova Scotia and the Southern States. The speaker believed that there were from thirty to sixty thousand converts a year from Protestantism to Romanism. It would, of course, be exceedingly difficult to verify any statement of that nature, and, possibly, a good deal might depend upon who were classed as Protestants."

Catholics Allowed to Attend Only on Condition.

The mission services are held in Catholic churches. Catholics are forbidden to attend the lectures unless accompanied by non-Catholics. Clergy of the parish stand at the door to see that the rule is obeyed. As there is a strong desire among the Catholics to hear the lectures this acts as an additional spur to their bringing in their non-Catholic friends. This they do, in some cases as many as three or four being brought to the service by one Catholic. The result is that the speaker has before him the audience to which he desires to speak. Besides this the meeting are advertised in the usual ways, sometimes with surprising results. Thus the Crapsey trials brought large numbers of the parishioners of that clergyman to the mission, held at the time in Rochester, which is said to have been a very successful one.

The Question Box.

It is said that Father Conway's great resource in his work is the question box. "Built on the foundation of the natural and widespread curiosity of Protestants concerning Catholic teachings and usages and the desire to be informed concerning them, these question boxes gather in a most amazing number and variety of inquiries, from the maunderings of cranks to the timid personalities of young women and the shrewdly intended leaders of the critical, not without a sprinkling of fair and earnest inquiries. The first half hour of the meeting the preacher gives to the answer of the questions, and he holds himself ready to meet all comers in that field, to answer questions on all subjects known or knowable by man. His object is to so utilize this opening as to lead to personal interviews with the questioners—a not infrequent result. The writer was privileged to see a batch of nearly a thousand of these questions, weird and wild enough were some of them, with here and there a gleam of intelligence or even a real cry of the soul. In the skill with which he sifts and handles these questions lies the speaker's success or failure. The lecture which follows the question box hour is well calculated to produce an abundant harvest of questions for the next evening. All of the questions which he has received Father Conway preserves. The writer saw two large volumes of them, type written and bound together."

"In regard to the questions handed in, the Paulist said that there was a wide difference in different sections of the country. When pressed for a statement as to the prevailing type of the questions presented by Boston audiences he said that they were largely concerning the broadest points of what we have been accustomed to call 'natural religion,' that is about the existence of God and the immortality of the soul, etc., and concerned the usual misunderstandings of Catholics by Protestants far less than in most places. Without exactly stating it, he gave the impression that he was brought into contact with a more fundamental form of religious doubt here than in many other cities."

"An interesting and serious feature of the question box is the number of inquiries concerning personal ethical difficulties—appeals for guidance and counsel. These are not openly answered, but the clergyman seeks to come into contact with the questioners personally. Many come with such questions, he says, directly to him without the intervention of the question box. In all he declares that such appeals number many thousands. If this fact is correctly estimated, it is certainly full of significance and affords food for thought to the Protestant clergy, especially to such as are in the habit of neglecting the more intimate parts of parochial work."

The Denominations Represented.

Having been asked as to the denominations represented in such meetings the missioner stated that in his opinion the majority in New England were Unitarians and Congregationalists of the liberal wing. The representative of The Transcript says: "The audience which we saw was of about the usual proportions of men and women in this section of the country—that is to say about two-thirds women. It was principally a local audience made up of the members of the parish and their neighbors. There were some who came on the street cars, but the majority walked to their homes. The men present were overwhelmingly members of the parish. The total audience was about 350 persons and a large proportion were non-Catholics, to judge by their lack of familiarity with the short liturgical service, or 'benediction,' which closed the meeting. It was certainly an audience without special denominational significance. The lecture, says the writer, although apologetic in form, was a frank and full statement of the teaching of the "Roman Church on the subject in hand. The corresponding Protestant positions were stated, although not at all controversially, in their historic rather than in their prevailing forms. As an interlude between the two parts of the service the audience were invited to join in the singing of the hymn 'Nearer, My God, to Thee.' In every way the speaker was seeking to avoid controversy."

Methods Contrasted.

"At this season of the year, when aggressive efforts are being made by all denominations of Christians, it is interesting to note and to contrast the method pursued by this community of priests who make the conduct of missions their special study, with that usually employed in other bodies of Christians. The most noticeable difference, at the outset, is the absence of devotional services. The service is a plat-

form meeting, strictly, and is opened without preliminaries of any kind. The leader of the mission comes forward alone and begins his address without introduction or flourish. He does not exhort his audience at any point of his discourse, or seek for any emotional effects. His sole aim, apparently, is to get back of preconceived notions and to arouse a questioning and inquiring spirit in his audience. No effort is made at the meeting to gather up results or induce people to take any kind of stand. The endeavor is to reshape the opinions rather than the hearts of his hearers."

The Suggestion From The Other Side.

This suggestion comes from Mr. John D. Pickles, the educational secretary of the Massachussetts Sunday-school Association who, under the caption of "Religious Reciprocity," writes as follows: "It occurs to me to raise the question whether or not it would nôt be a good thing that a similar mission should be carried on by representatives of the Protestant Church to audiences of Roman Catholics. It has been my pleasure several times to listen to Paulist Fathers as they have presented the arguments for their faith and appeals to Protestants to return to the Roman Catholic fold. I should be glad to see a representative body of Protestant teachers, sane, scholarly and tactful, present in the leading cities of our nation the arguments and pleadings, which might be advanced in the interests of Protestantism. I have confidence to believe that there are many thousands of intelligent, American Roman Catholics, trained in our public schools and independent of old-world traditions, who might be reached and convinced of such arguments as could be presented in favor of a reformed Roman Catholicism. In the course of a recent conversation with a leading Roman Catholic official of Boston, who has since been promoted to a Bishopric, I was told that such a hearing could not be obtained from the Roman Catholic constituency. Is not this a confession of weakness and would not intelligent American Catholics refuse to be bound by an order that would forbid their listening to such a body of men as would naturally be selected to present the Protestant view? If the Paulist Fathers count on the intelligence of Protestants to appreciate their arguments and pleas and solicit a Protestant constituency to hear them, why should not the Roman Catholics be willing to hear what such a body of men, as suggested, would present?"

"Such a movement, it seems to me, would lead to a better understanding between the two great bodies of Christian believers and possibly open the way for such an adjustment of their differences as would bring them together in the great general interests of our secular schools and in the broad interests of government and citizenship. The progress of the centuries and growth of the Christian spirit ought to enable us, both Protestants and Catholics to free ourselves from the strife of the past and as far as possible be reunited, if not in form, yet in spirit. This would necessitate, perhaps, the repudiation of some things on both sides that have been rigidly maintained, but in the broader interests of the kingdom of God we can surely allow the dead past to bury its dead. We should seek now for union on the essentials and should rather emphasize the things upon which we agree than those upon which we disagree. The civic and religious problems of our nation are so grave as to demand the union of all good forces in their solution."

THE PILGRIM FATHERS OF CALIFORNIA.

The Founders of Christian California.

John Wright Buckham.

California is a Christian commonwealth, germinally so, at least. Who have made it such? Who sowed the seed; who laid the foundations? We should know this for the sake of the present and the future, as well as the past.

Instantly one thinks of the history of Christianity in California, the sound of the Mission bells comes floating to his inner ear and before his mind's eye there pace the Franciscan monks, solemn, devoted, heroic, led by the saintly Father Junipero Serra,—a noble company of followers of Christ patiently winning the children of the soil to Christian faith and civilization. So pioneerly did they invade the wilderness, so bravely did they set themselves to their great and difficult task of Christianizing the Indians, so perseveringly did they labor, that it seems as if to them should belong the honor of founding Christian California. And yet, they were fore-runners rather than founders. Suddenly, cruelly, tragically, their work was swept away, their lands seized, their converts scattered and all the toil of the years thrown to the winds. And yet, their heroic endeavor was not wholly wasted. The pathetic charm of the crumbling Mission walls, the far-away music of the Angelus, the memory of that calm and unworldly pastoral life lie like a benediction upon the feverish heart of modern California and its hallowing influence will never pass away.

It is only when we come to the period of the great immigration, to the swirl and flood of the days of '49, that we find ourselves in the real current of California history and among influences moving onward into the life of our own day. It is here that we must look for real beginnings and beginners, foundations and founders. The institutions that make up a Christian civilization,—the home, the school, the college, the church,—who established these in our fair golden state?

Let us begin with the home, the unit of Christian society. Clearly, the settlers of California were not home-builders. If ever there were stars shining lustrous in the dark sky of an unformed, chaotic, social life, they were the homes of such of the early settlers as had true homes. They were lone stars indeed. Dr. Benton, in "The California Pilgrim," describes one of them in vivid colors. In contrast with the forlorn rancho of "Mr. and Mrs. Ichabod Nettles," with its dreariness and dirt and discontent, how brightly shone the home of "Mr. and Mrs. Jonathan Makebest," from "Litchfield Hills," with its neatness, its hospitality, its Christian faith and cheer. With tears in his eyes, "Pilgrim" takes leave of "Theodosia Makebest," content, complaining of nôthing, "glad to be here, to act nobly a woman's part if she could." This was near Santa Clara. In the mining towns the Christian homes were few. For that reason the home of the minister was a very beacon light, an oasis of refreshment and refinement. Dr. S. H. Willey, writing to the General Association convened at San Jose, of the pioneer Congregational and Presbyterian ministers, says: Most of this group of young ministers were married men, and their homes were a great social power for good in every place where they lived." It would be unfair to claim for any one section or

denomination the title of Home-builders of California. But certainly our New England Congregationalists did as much as any others to found the Christian home here.

In founding the educational institutions of the state, Congregationalism holds the lead, with Presbyterianism in close co-operation The first school in San Francisco was gathered and taught by Thomas Douglass, a Yale graduate and a Congregationalist. This was in 1847. The first school after the gold era was organized by Dr. Willey, at Monterey, in 1849. This same devoted educator established the first public library in the State, also at Monterey, and afterward was instrumental in starting the public school system in San Francisco. Here is the unpretentious record: "To demonstrate to the business men and to the Common Council that there were children in the city needing school, some of us got up a procession of all the children we could get together, and marched them through Montgomery Street. We were proud to show one hundred little people, rank and file, and there may have been twice or three times that number, all told, in San Francisco at the time. The city free school ordinance was passed and became a law soon after, on the twenty-fifth of September, 1851." **(Thirty Years in California, p. 44).** Some day an artist should picture that eventful procession. At San Jose the first school was organized by Rev. J. W. Douglass. At Sacramento Dr. J. A. Benton did an equal service for education. Other ministers and laymen served the same cause at other places. Of the College of California and its founders, Durant, Willey, Kellogg, Billings, and the rest, and how it grew into the University of California, everyone familiar with the history of education in the State knows. Congregational Yale and Dartmouth furnished the men whose life-blood went into the making of Berkeley and its now far-famed University. In all the expansion, the enrichment of the magnificent future that lies before her, the University can never lose the memory, never efface the imprint of the consecrated Christian purpose into which she was born. The spirit of the founders will rest upon her as an aegis of faith, and the prayer at Founders' Rock will hallow all her history.

And the Church of Christ in California—who dared plant it in such an uncongenial soil and entrust it to so chaotic and uncaring a civilization? Almost all the leading denominations dared, but none more fearlessly and faithfully than our own. It was months before the definite news of the discovery of gold, that the American Home Missionary Society commissioned Douglass and Willey to go to California. In 1849 Benton and Blakeslee came, in 1850 Warren and Brier, in 1855 Jones and Frear. All but two of these were Home Missionaries. How valiantly and wisely these men and their successors planned and toiled is indicated by the number of strong churches that have come down to us from those pioneer years from 1849 to 1860—the First Church of San Francisco, organized by Hunt, the first minister at large to the city; the First of Sacrament (1849), Nevada City (1851), Grass Vaelly (1854), Petaluma (1854), Santa Cruz (1857, Oroville (1857), First Church of Oakland (1860). All of these and most of those formed since, were Home Missionary churches.

No higher interest was overlooked, no place of need neglected by these spiritual pioneers. The growing city, the isolated ranches, the mining camp,—they sought them all and planted deep the good seed of the kingdom.

These men and women—for the women nobly seconded their husbands and deserve quite as much honor—were true forefathers and foremothers, pioneers, founders, sowers, builders, apostles. They had the Pilgrim spirit. Many of them were descendants of the Pilgrims and Puritans. But even so, the honor lies in the deed, not in the blood. And these who laid the foundations of the home, the school, the college, the church, here, are as worthy of honor as those who founded Plymouth and Salem and Boston and established the New England district school and Harvard and Yale Universities. Here were men and women who in the midst of a people in the main sordid and self-seeking cherished an ideal of the true California, men of vision and high purpose, who were here not to exploit but to appreciate, not to dig but to build, not get but to give, not to carry something away but to leave something behind. They alone saw the highest values of California,—not money values, but social values, happiness values, religious values. The future belongs to them. California moves toward their ideals, slowly but surely. Not to furnish gold for such as rifle her hills and are gone, not to yield gain to such as would extract the virtues from her rich soil and then abandon it, not even to restore health to such as would bask in her sunshine for a few months and then depart; but to sustain a great, happy, healthful, beauty-loving, educated, brotherly, reverent people,—this is the true aim and end of California. A great motive and impulse are bequeathed to us. A generous soil is beneath our feet, a genial air "nimbly and sweetly doth commend itself unto our senses," a fair sky smiles above us, noble mountains gird us round, a vast ocean stretches before us its pathway to larger intercourse and opportunity. All this, without idealism, and honor, and consecration, means temptation, corruption, coarse and conspicuous failure. With faith, with devotion, with God, it means something very like the true Utopia. Our institutions have been planted, our ideals fixed, our standards set. Other men have labored, and we are entered into their labors. It remains for us to sustain and strengthen these institutions, to confirm these ideals, to realize these standards. In this smiling, sumptuous, splendid domain of God's favor, with such memories and such deeds back of us, we may go forward, conscious that we are in the true apostolic succession of Pilgrim and Puritan,—behind us a great consecration, before us a greater opportunity.

CHURCH BUILDING.

The fiscal year of C. C. B. S. will close with December, and final report issue from this office about Christmas. Gratifying returns are coming in constantly, many churches having generously responded to the urgent needs. We are hoping this is to be the largest year in our history, and to this end, trust every church in the Pacific District will kindly send a contribution. Only four Sundays remain. Send remittances to undersigned, from whom literature and envelopes may be obtained.

H. H. Wikoff.

Nov. 27, 1906. Barker Block, Berkeley.

Thou canst not toil in vain,
Cold, heat and moist and dry
Shall foster and mature the grain,
For garners in the sky."

Among the Churches.

California.

San Francisco, Richmond.—Many people are moving into this part of the city and not a few new faces are seen in the congregations from time to time.

Oakland, Fourth.—An offering was taken last Sunday for the Church Building Society which was twice what the offering was last year or at any other time in the history of the church.

San Francisco, First.—About 200 persons were in attendance at the annual meeting and dinner which was held in Plymouth Church on Wednesday evening of last week. The salary of the pastor was advanced so that it is now one half what it was before the 18th of April.

Modoc and Lassen Counties.—The congregation at Bieber has rented and furnished a house and in other ways provided for the comfort of the Rev. Harry Parks and family for the winter, and until April 1st their home will be at Bieber in Lassen county instead of at Adin in Modoc county.

Avalon.—Mrs. Clara R. Shatto, of Los Angeles, is having finished at her own expense, the interior of the prettily-proportioned partor's vestry (used also as our Junior S. S. class-room), the only room in our remodeled church left unfinished last summer. Mrs Shatto's husband, Mr. Geo. Shatto, who died some years ago, once owned Santa Catalina Island, and gave the lots upon which church and parsonage stand.

San Francisco, Plymouth.—One of the happy occasions Plymouth and First churches are having together these days was that of the joint reception given by the ladies of Plymouth Church to the Rev. Dr. Adams on the 10th anniversary of his pastorate in the First Church and the 4th of Dr. Meserve in Plymouth. At that time, by the remarks of the pastors and in other ways, was it made more evident than ever before that these months of worship together had brought the two churches into very sympathetic relations and assured for the future a finer and more effective fellowship than could have come about otherwise.

Berkeley, Park.—A reception was given to the Rev. J. R. Knodell and wife last Friday evening. Among the persons in attendance outside of the membership and the people of the neighborhood were the Rev. and Mrs. W. H. Hopkins of the First Church of Berkeley, Prof. Nash of Pacific Seminary, the Rev. J. D. Foster, a former pastor, the Rev. Mr. Eastman, pastor of the Presbyterian Church of South Berkeley, and the editor of The Pacific. Pastor and people were heartily congratulated on the relations entered into, and a servicable and influential future was predicted for the church. After-meetings are being held now at different services, and already some have professed conversion.

Black Diamond.—This church is prospering. At communion Sunday Nov. 18, five persons were received to membership. The sermon was preached by Rev. H. H. Wikoff of Berkeley. An interesting feature was that Mr. Wikoff when at Sonoma was the first pastor of Rev. C. C. Champlin, now in charge at Black Diamond. The elder minister felicitated himself on being able to assist his former Sunday-school scholar in the latter's first reception of new members. Within the last three months a new bell has been purchased and electric lights installed in the church, both of which were needed. The attendance at services are increasing and the financial end has greatly picked up of late. The reason is largely attributable to the recent influx of new families into the community who lend their support to the work in that field.

Oregon.

Oregon City.—This church has extended a call to the Rev. C. E. Oakley of Eugene which has been accepted.

Salem.—Five new members were received to the Central Church at the October communion service, all on confession, and two the following Sunday at the Willard Church.

THE PASSING OF A CHRISTIAN PIONEER.

The Death of Deacon Benchley of the First Congregational Church of San Francisco.

A telegram from Minneapolis states that Deacon Leonidas B. Benchley died peacefully in that city last Sunday morning, Nov. 25th. He united with the First Congregational Church in San Francisco by letter in September, 1852, only one member, who joined two months earlier, being still alive and in the same church. In March 1857 he was elected deacon of the First Church, and continued in the active office until his removal to Fullerton some ten or fifteen years ago. After that he was because of his long and helpful service made honorary deacon for life. So he had been nearly fifty years in that office in one church. He was also for many years superintendent of the Sunday-school. Though far away his interest in the old church never flagged, and his constant letters to his pastor and others were full of prayers for blessing upon the work. A few years ago he met with an accident, the shock of which produced complete blindness; his good wife had for many years been almost totally deaf. The pastor of the First Church counts among his most delightful experiences two visits to the home in Fullerton, when, after supper, Deacon Benchley brought the tube through which his wife could hear, and said, "Now, I will ask you questions about our friends, and you answer over that, and Mother will hear and understand." Then followed questions and answers till nearly midnight; he forgot no one, and his imagination called up the very places where they sat in church and prayermeeting. A few months ago Deacon and Mrs. Benchley went from their home in Fullerton to that of their daughter in Minneapolis, and there for him the end came of this life. He was 84 years of age on the 29th day of last September.

QUARTERLY MEETING W. B. M. P.

The Woman's Board of Missions for the Pacific will hold its quarterly meeting with the North Berkeley Church, on Wednesday, Dec. 5th. The meetings will begin at 11 a. m. and 1:30 p. m. An interesting program, including reports from the Haystack meetings will be given, which we hope will be enjoyed by

a large number. In the noon interval, the ladies of the church will serve lunch, for which fifteen cents will be charged.

L. N. Richards, Pres.

The Home.

CULTIVATING PERSEVERANCE.

Among the figures that stand out from the shadowy memories of my childhood, is that of a bright-eyed thin-faced woman who was teacher of mathematics in our school. And what I recollect most distinctly is—not anything relating to the subject she taught, for mathematics is not my strong point—but a certain saying she had the habit of uttering every day to her petulant class, "Never weary in well-doing."

It was always with the same patient smile and cheery accent that the good woman brought out the little maxim which made the girls smile at one another as if to say, "There's the same old song."

But it sank into my heart. I used to watch her as she trudged from one set of pupils to another; her face always unfailingly bright, and it was so plain that she practiced what she preached that, dispite all discouragements she "never wearied in well-doing," but set her face each day in the direction of the day's duties, that her well-worn maxim became stamped with the force of her good example. I wondered if she had always been patient and persevering—if she was born so—or had learned it through hard lessons. And then I fell to speculating how many lessons it would take to change a person who had acquired habits of flightiness, and if one who had gone on for a dozen years or more doing as she pleased, obeying her caprices and throwing aside half finished tasks when they became irksome, could ever settle down to steady work at anything whatsoever.

I have always loved to search into causes, and find remedies for ills, so I turned to studying the ways of children in little things, and I became convinced that if you want a child to persevere in well-doing you must give him the habit very early, in order to counteract the natural disposition of youth to be versatile and superficial.

Firmly fixed must be the principles of that child who can go out from his home and not be tempted to forget his duty and follow where others lead him. Well established must be the habits that can resist the pressure of a crowd, and enable one to turn aside from pleasure to plod on alone toward an end that seems very far off and unattractive. Whether it is a lesson to be learned or an errand to be performed, the child can think of twenty good reasons for doing what he prefers at the moment, and if no one is present to control him he follows his own will.

How essential then that his will should set itself in the right direction and that his good resolution should have the assistance of practice in well-doing, for it is always the first step that costs.

We usually neglect to train a child's will while he is very young, not supposing it necessary to instil so early ideas of purpose; but I have met with instance of heroism in very little tots, early impressed with the idea of perseverance; who considered it shameful to cry like a baby for help as long as one could do without it, and like to try to overcome difficulties.

One little girl had been taught to untangle hard knots, not a bad idea, since there are always hard knots to untie in life, and there are many who break the thread from lack of patience. She had begun by saying, "I can't to everything." But presently she ceased to say so, and sat quietly to work at whatever she was told to do; having learned that she could when she would.

Another instance of rightly directed will power was of a little boy who could not stop talking, having convinced himself that he must talk. He was taught self-restraint by being rewarded for five minutes' silence, then for ten, and finally for quiet during the entire period of dinner. Little by little he conquered his nervousness and learned to hold himself in check.

There would be far less difficulty in commanding the attention of children if parents exercised some supervision over the plays of their little ones. It is often during the second and third years that the bad habit of flitting from one thing to another is acquired. They are amused too much, and by too great a variety of things, and this sort of flitting is an encouragement to superficiality.

Few children are naturally persevering, but all can become so by a right system of training. By wisely making use of emulation, a parent can accomplish much. A surprising instance of this is the following story:

A baby girl of eighteen months, sitting on her mother's lap, watched with interest the skillful fingers balance a penny on the head of a little wooden image standing on the table. "Baby can't do that," said the mother, playfully. Baby's bright eyes sparkled as if to say, "Oh, can't I?" And taking the penny she essayed to balance it as her mamma had done. It fell. "Oh," said baby, quietly, and taking it up again she tried again, with the same result. Without the least sign of impatience the little one tried at least a dozen times, until she at last succeeded in balancing the coin. The brave baby received a round of applause, and she looked as if she was well pleased with the approbation. She tasted the sweets of perseverance and, young as she was, she learned in that little hour something of the great, long hard lessons all must learn sooner or later—not to weary in well-doing.—Florence W. Winterburn.

"PROBABLY YOU ARE TOO GOOD."

I recently heard a charming story. It is Japanese. I know it will charm you. In a certain village were two families, one prosperous and rich, the other merely getting along; yet the former was famous in the village for its unhappiness and the friction between its members, while the latter was equally renowned for its peaceableness and content. The happy family became continually happier—to him that hath shall be given; the unhappy family became continually more unhappy—from him that hath not shall be taken away that which he seemeth to have.

The man of wealth could stand it no longer. He went to his humbler friend and asked him where he thought the trouble lay.

"I have land enough, and house enough, and money enough, yet we are always quarreling and unhappy. You have nothing like the means for comfort and enjoyment that I have, and yet your people are affectionate and contented."

The poor man replied thoughtfully, "Perhaps it is because you are all such good people at your house."

The rich man objected that if they were all good people, certainly they ought to be happy together.

But the poor man would not recede. "No, you are all good at your house. Now, at my house it is different. We are a very faulty lot, and we all know it. To illustrate, suppose I am sitting on a rug by the brazier, and the maid passing there kicks over my teacup, spilling the tea over the mats. I immediately break out with, 'Excuse me, excuse me. Very stupid of me. No business to leave a teacup out in the middle of the room for people to stumble over. Serves me right.'

"But the maid will not have it that way. She drops down, wipes up the tea with her handkerchief and with beaming face cries, 'Oh, master, what a blunderbuss I am! Always stumbling and making trouble. It will only serve me right if you turn me off without a word one of these days.'

"You see how it is, we are such a faulty lot all around, and we know it so well that there is no chance for ill-feeling or quarreling."

And the rich men, after thinking a moment, slowly said, "I see it all. It would be very different at our house. I would turn on the maid with, 'Stupid, what are you up to now? You've only two feet; can't you look out for that number, or are they so big they are bound to hit every object in the room? I'll have to turn you off some day and get a maid of more delicate build,' and the maid sullenly mutters, 'A lazy man has no business to spread himself all over a room and get in busy people's way.' I guess you are right, we are all too good—or at least we think we are."

In the application of this story I will follow the method of an old college instructor of mine. When some special bit of foolishness had been perpetrated, he would express his opinion of it vigorously, then, looking vaguely around the class-room, but meanwhile pointing his fat finger at the youth deemed guilty, would close with, "I don't mention any names; I put the shoe there." And I, in turn, point my finger at half the people I know, myself included, and without mentioning any names, put the shoe there.—Christian Intelligencer.

The Quiet Hour.

"MY PLACE."

For several days past I had been discontented. This morning I was especially uneasy, telling over to myself my grievances. I could not go to missionary meeting nor to prayer meeting, nor did I hardly find an opportunity to run into a neighbor's. For five years now, I had been "tied" at home, with babies to care for, to say nothing of my Fred's old decrepit mother to wait upon and read to.

"My life is one continual round of homely duties," grumbled I, and the frettings of my heart hid just then even the brightness of duties well done.

"It is hard, hard!" said I. "I wish I could get out into the world—into the church, where my place surely is." I fretted until the cloudiness of my face was but a reflection of the shadow on my heart.

As I glanced from the window I saw the postman coming up the walk, and in a moment I held in my hand a package from a dear invalid friend who had but recently gone home.

Her's had been a singularly hemmed-in life, even denied the blessed comfort of a father's and mother's love and care since a young child. Helpless, she was dependent upon strangers (in a sense), being cared for in turn by the different members of our church, yet she was one of the blithest little bodies I had ever met. She had been a constant inspiration to me; and, because I was her dearest friend, her meager belongings had fallen to me.

I undid the package eagerly. On the top were papers. I opened the first I touched. How the familiar handwriting stirred my heart! Through fast-filling eyes I read these words written in my friend's dear hand:

"Yesterday, in a somewhat despondent mood, I wished I could cast off this infirmity of the flesh, go out into the world and claim my place among the workers. Suddenly this thought came with almost startling distinctness: Why, you have no 'place' out in the world. This is your place, just where the Lord has put you; and even if it were possible for you to leave it and seek to fill another it would not be one of the Lord's ordering, and you could not expect his blessings to attend you. You do not wish to be in a place of your own choosing. No, no! my heart responded. If this is the place where the Lord wants me to be, it is just the place where I truly wish to be. Since I am here, it must be the place and the only place where I can do the work he has given into my hands. 'What is my work?' I sadly questioned. 'I see no fruit.' 'Loving is serving,' came the renewed heart's answer. Be receptive of all good influences; filled with the Spirit; and the overflow of your soul's riches will bless all who come near."

"Being dead she yet speaketh," I sobbed, and I thanked God for my lesson—and my place—and took courage.—Lizzie Young Butler, in American Messenger.

THE FIRES OF EXPERIENCE.

No man is fit for the best service until he has passed through the fires of experience. At first he is raw, and thinks he knows it all; then he slightly boils himself down, and, finally, he makes up his mind that all his efforts are tentative. When he reaches the last stage he is just beginning to do real and valuable service. The longer he labors, the more he becomes convinced that he needs lots of grace and indomitable patience and persistence. And he is only ready and prepared to do his best work when the time comes for him to die. Will all his experience perish with his earthly life? No; it will enter the other world with him as a part of his immortality. Under those unending spiritual conditions, all that he suffered and endured here will be a part of his education for that nobler and higher life.—Ex.

When the Turks captured Constantinople, the church of St. Sophia was changed into a Mohammedan mosque. Upon the ceiling of the old church the figure of Jesus with outstretched hands had been wrought into mosaics. It was called "The Waiting Christ." The figure offended the Moslems, and they tried to blot it out. Over and over they have painted it, but still it shines through. Go into that mosque today and you will have to remove the shoes from your feet at the bidding of a false religion; but up above the worshipping devotees you can still see the figure of the waiting Christ. It will abide there till the city is redeemed and the Lord comes into His

own. Once the vision of the loving Jesus is in the child heart, all the efforts of the man of sin will not be able to efface it. A little boy was asked if he loved Jesus. Said he, in the simple trust of the pure in heart, "I have always loved Jesus." The vision had come to him in the dawning of his life, as it does to many a child. They love Him as the flower does the sunshine. It is our duty and privilege to give them the vision.—Ram's Horn.

THE KIND OF RELIGION WE WANT.

We want a religion that softens the step and turns the voice to melody and fills the eye with sunshine and checks the impatient exclamation and harsh rebuke; a religion that is polite, and deferential to superiors, considerate to friends; a religion that goes into the family and keeps the husband from being cross when the dinner is late, and keeps the wife from fretting when the husband tracks the newly washed floor with his boots, and makes the husband mindful of the scraper and the door-mat; keeps the mother patient when the baby is cross, and amuses the children as well as instructs them; cares for the servants, besides paying them promptly; projects the honeymoon into the harvest moon, and makes the happy home like the eastern fig tree, bearing on its bosom at once the tender blossom and the glory of the ripening fruit. We want a religion that shall interpose between the ruts and gullies and rocks of the highway and the sensitive souls that are traveling over them.—Helpful Thoughts.

COME YE APART.

Thou sayst, "The work is great—the night draws nigh,"
And feverishly thy tired hands grasp the plow.
Panting, "The rest comes after—here and now
God must be served before the daylight die."
And so the trampling feet and strenuous cry
Drown the sweet voice that with most loving grace
Rebukes the energies which would efface
The finer sense and cloud the inward eye.

Listen, O worker, faint and overwrought,
It is the voice that called the twelve of old,
And led them where upon their fret of thought
Peace from the lake's calm and the sunset's gold
Slid softly, and the hillside whispers taught
Deep things of God that words could ne'er unfold.

—Horace E. Grosser.

Young People.

GAMES OF ANIMALS.

We find more than one wild animal which practices and enjoys a sliding game. Otters go in for regular tobogganning. First choosing a steep, sloping river bank where the soil is of clay and the water at the bottom fairly deep, they set to work and carefully remove all the sticks and loose stones which might get in their way, and then the fun begins. Climbing up the bank at some spot where it is not too steep, the first otter goes to the head of the slide, lies down flat on his stomach, gives a kick with his hind legs, and down he glides, head foremost, into the water. The second follows his leader's example, and then the third as rapidly as they can. The bank soon becomes smooth and slippery, and the faster they travel the more the otters enjoy it. They keep on and on until quite tired out, and will come back to the same spot day after day to renew their game. So common is this practice on the part of otters that the relentless trapper long ago came to know it well and makes a practice of setting his trap just where the poor little beasts leave the water to climb afresh for another slide, and hardly ever fails to secure the leader, generally the old dog-otter.

With the otters this tobogganning is not merely a summer pastime. In winter they have the same amusement, the only difference being that they choose a snow bank instead of a mud one.

Brehm, the German naturalist, has recorded an exactly similar game played by chamois in the Alps. In summer chamois climb to the upper heights, and there in the midst of the solitudes of perpetual snow, enjoy themselves vastly leaping from rock to rock, and often playing a game very like "follow my leader." But the themselves vastly, leaping from rock to rock tobogging. They choose a steep, snow-covered slope; the leader throws himself into a sort of crouching position, and, working his legs as though he were swimming, slides down for a distance of a hundred yards or more. Arrived at the bottom, he springs to his feet and climbs up again. The others look on; and then another of them makes the trial of the slide. The rest follow one by one.

It may be objected that chamois have adopted this method of traveling down hill simply because it was the easiest and most convenient; but surely the fact that the same animals have been watched to make the experiment several times over on the same slide is certain proof that the tobogganning is genuine play, and nothing more.

Ther are many instances on record of dogs having taken to coasting down hill. But the dog is a domestic animal, and a marvelously imitative one; so for the purpose of proving animal play he must in this case be put out of court.

Humboldt speaks of having seen a tame capuchin monkey riding a pig. The monkey would wait about in the morning till he could catch a pig, spring upon its back and ride off with every symptom of delight, clinging so tightly that poor piggy, do what he might, could not free himself of his encumbrance. Once he had secured a mount nothing would induce Master Capuchin to give it up. Even when the pig was feeding, the monkey kept his seat.

The lemur is not a monkey, but a very near relative. A white-fronted lemur belonging to Broderip, the naturalist, used to have tremendous games with a tame beaver named Binny. Macky, as the lemur was called, would play "tag" with Binny, touching his great flat tail with one finger and dancing round and round the heavy, amiable beast, while the beaver with elephantine playfulness, would charge Macky with all his might, but, of course, never coming near the airy sprite.

One day the two were left alone together. In the room was a linen press, and some careless person had left the doors open. Half an hour later the beaver was found snoring happily on a comfortable couch of piled-up tablecloths, sheets and napkins, while close beside him, his head pollowed on the beaver's soft fur, lay Macky, also sound asleep.

The writer once owned a pet American raccoon. The little creature formed a firm alliance iwth a black kitten, and the games those two had beggar description. Hide and seek around the coon's kennel and a pile of barrels was the commonest play. No one could watch the two without feeling positive that they enjoyed the romp and understood one another's movements just as well as any two children ever did. One day in her wild excitement pussy ran into a springing-board which stretched out over a pond, and fell in. What did the coon do but deliberately follow! There was apparently no intention of rescue, and in any case the cat was ashore again in a few strokes, for cats are very fast swimmers.—Strand Magazine.

MARION AND THE SHADOW MAN.

Marion was in her room one afternoon, feeling very cross; for she had quarreled with her cousin Jane and had come home in tears.

"Dear me," half sighed a voice behind her, "you do make me such a lot of work!"

Marion turned around quickly and saw a little gray-bearded man with a sad countenance carrying a large bag quite full of something that bulged it here and there, very roughly.

"Well," she exclaimed, "I don't see how that can be! I do not know you, and I certainly never told you to do anything. Who are you?"

"Why, I am the Shadow Man. I pick up and carry away all the shadows you make. You have rag men to take away the rags, junk men to take away old bones and bits of iron and such things, and of course you need to have a Shadow Man to take away the shadows. If you did not, you would soon be covered so you could not have any sunshine at all."

"What do you give for shadows," asked Marion, with a thought of adding to her store of pennies.

"Oh, I never give anything for them. Shadows are things no one wants, so the ones who make them pay for them, though they never pay me."

"I do not understand," said the little girl. "If you get nothing, and yet I have to pay for making the shadows, who does get the pay?"

"No one gets it. The shadows absorb all the pay you give them, and a great deal of other folks' property besides," answered the old man.

"When did I ever pay for making shadows?" demanded Marion.

"Well," you were cross to-day with your cousin. You were to blame about wanting the doll all to yourself, and so you have paid one good afternoon's pleasure already for making a shadow on Cousin Jane's face. Tomorrow you will be sorry, but you cannot go there and enjoy yourself, so you will pay some more; and you will keep paying, perhaps, till you have paid a very high price."

"Well, what is it to you if I do?" grumbled the child, half ashamed that she had been so foolish.

"Oh, I have to come around and take care of the shadows! See, here are some you have made today!"

The little man opened the bag and pulled out a handful. They were very light and thin, but quite broad. He laid them on Marion's bed for her to look at. "Here is the first one," he remarked. Marion saw the shadow of a lazy girl lying in bed. "That one," said the Shadow Man, "I found clinging to your mother. You put it on her; for she did not sleep well last night, was tired and needed you to help get breakfast. This one you see, is the shadow of a hand. I found that on the side of your little brother's face."

"Yes," owned Marion, with a guilty air, "I did threaten to strike him. I raised my hand to do it, but I did not suppose the shadow would stay like that."

"Here is a small shadow I found on dear Aunt Caroline's heart," continued the old man. "She spoke pleasantly to you when you were going to school, and you did not answer her because you were in a hurry. So the shadow settled upon her. Of course you did not mean to make her unhappy, but you should be more thoughtful."

"What," said Marion, as she felt her cheeks burn at the sight of the great heap of shadows before her, "do you do with them?"

"I take them where it is sunshiny and keep them in the light, hanging them upon lines, usually, till they bleach out, then I bring them back. The things you have done to make people feel badly you remember when I return them. If you keep kind and true, these shadows will remain white, and you will not notice them; but if you keep on making new ones, all will be black, and after a time no one will love you, because you bring a shadow wherever you go."

Marion made a sudden resolve.

"Leave those shadows here. I will take care of them myself, and I will try not to make any more."

Just then a ray of sunshine fell upon the Shadow Man, and Marion saw that it shone right through him. He seized his bag, and whisked out of sight in a moment, just as Marion's mother came into the room and said: "Well, I declare! Here is my little girl fast asleep."—Costilla G. Washburn, in S. S. Times.

For us—whatever's undergone,
Thou knowest, willest, what is done.
Grief may be joy misunderstood:
Only the Good discerns the good:
I trust Thee while my days go on.
—Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

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A gentleman dying left all his estate to a monastery on condition that, on the return of his only son, who was then abroad, the worthy fathers should give him watever "they should chose." When the son came home he went to the monastery, and received but a small share, the wise monks choosing to keep the greater part for themselves. The young man consulted his friends, and all agreed that there was no remedy. At last a barrister, to whom he happened to mention the facts, advised him to sue the monastery, and promised to gain the case. The gentleman followed this advice, and the suit terminated in his favor through the management of the advocate, who grounded the plea upon this reasoning:

"The testator," said the ingenious barrister, "has left his son what the monks should choose'; these are the express words of the will. Now, it is plain what part they have chosen by what they keep for themselves. My client, then, stands upon the words of the will. 'Let me have,' says he, 'the part they have chosen, and I am satisfied.'"—Tit-bits.

"My good woman," said the learned judge, "you must give an answer in the fewest possible words of which you are capable to the plain and simple question whether, when you were crossing the street with the baby on your arm, and the motor car was coming down on the right side and the dog cart was trying to pass the motor, you saw the plaintiff between the carriage and the dog cart, or the motor car and the dog cart, or whether and when you saw him at all, and whether or not near the carriage, dog cart and motor car, or either, or any two, and which of them, respectively, or how was it."

A young man went up for an examination and was "plucked." He sent the following telegram to his anxious family:

"Examination splendid. Professors enthusiastic. They demand an encore."—Il Riso.

The Hare: "You're so slow, you're always looking forward to the day before yesterday."

The Tortoise: "That's better than continually regretting the day after to-morrow."—Century.

Sadie was eleven, and Alice was seven. At lunch Sadie said: "I wonder what part of an animal a chop is. Is it a leg?"

"Of course not," replied Alice; "it's the jawbone. Haven't you ever heard of animals licking their chops?"

"What I wants to see," said Uncle Eben, "is some kind o' spellin' reforms foh deshere spells o' weather we's gettin.'"—Washington Star.

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